


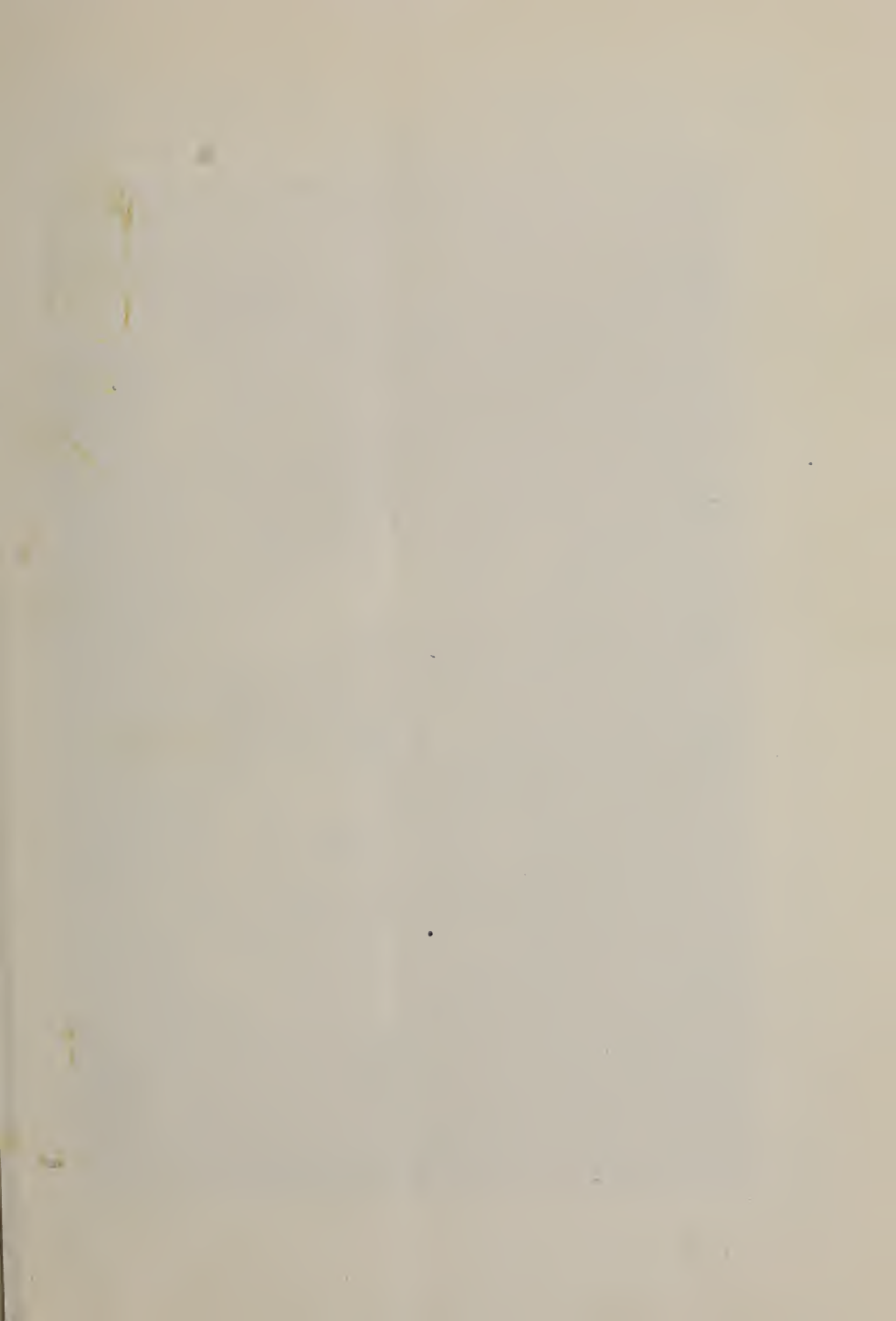


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A BRAHMIN FAMILY AT WORSHIP

Life and Light

Vol. XLII.

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 2

From the *Morning Star*, a newspaper published in Jaffna, Ceylon, we take the following extract from an address of welcome read by Mrs. J. C.

A Welcome to Muttiah, on the occasion of the visit of Miss Lamson and Uduvil. Miss Day to the Uduvil Girls' Boarding School: "We, mothers and grandmothers and great grandmothers and our daughters, granddaughters and, in some cases, great granddaughters, jointly welcome our foreign sisters, Miss Lamson and Miss Day, the Secretary and Treasurer of The Woman's Board of Missions in America. You have had the kindness to visit the northern end of Ceylon, the island of spices, where the missionaries came nearly one hundred years ago to spread the gospel of Christ. Their preaching of God's word has yielded marvelous fruitage, so that what seemed like the mustard seed has become a flourishing banyan tree. For the blessings which this gospel has brought to us we are all greatly indebted and we feel that it is our duty to thank heartily the American Board and to pray that we may be firm in our faith and jointly help in bringing our less fortunate sisters to know of salvation by the merits of Christ.

"We, as students and graduates of the Uduvil Boarding School, would especially thank the Christian people of America and the Woman's Board for this institution. More than two thousand students have been educated here, and most of these are now settled in their own homes, some of them in this peninsula, and others in different parts of Ceylon, in India and in the Straits Settlements. Some have obtained higher education and are teachers in our schools. We who are wives and mothers do our best to keep our homes for Christ and to bring up our children for the work of spreading his kingdom. On behalf of the graduates of the Uduvil Girls' Boarding School."

Miss Lamson's account of this reception at Uduvil is the first of the series of articles which we hope to receive from her pen. Unfortunately, the photographs illustrating the school life at Uduvil were not clear enough for reproduction. See page 55.

At the time of this writing the conference in Shanghai, called ostensibly in the interests of peace, has not resulted in any agreement between the "China in Convulsion." leaders of the opposing factions. Dr. Sun Yat Sen has been named by the revolutionists as President of the Chinese Republic. It is rumored that Premier Yuan Shi Kai is practically a prisoner in Peking and in some quarters his good faith in his attempts to bring about harmony is seriously questioned. Before this is in print the Chinese people will almost certainly have taken the reins of self-government in a degree surprising to those of us who have not realized the progress toward such a step which has been going on among the leaders of the New China.

One is tempted to rub one's eyes and ask if this condition of affairs is a vision of the night or a sober daylight fact. Whatever the outcome of the present efforts to adjust matters between the Manchu rulers and the leaders of the rebellion, it is not possible to doubt that wonderful opportunities for the ongoing of the kingdom of God in China will soon be before us,—opportunities which should bring Christian people to their knees in earnest prayer that they may be equal to the demands of such a time as this in the world's history.

Meantime our missionaries with great calmness and devotion to the interests of those about them are finding hearts and hands filled with work quite out of the ordinary but sure to bring its reward in the increased confidence of the people.

The narration of Mrs. Lawrence Thurston's escape from Wuchang, taken from *The Hartford Daily Courant*, and Miss Reed's story of the anxious November days in Peking, may seem like ancient history in the light of these kaleidoscopic transformations. Deepest interest attaches, however, to these accounts, as they show the conditions under which our missionaries must live and work in such times.

In a letter written from Foochow to her parents in Springfield, Ohio, Miss Irene Dornblaser tells of the Red Cross work in Dr. Kinnear's hospital in which she and her sister and other women missionaries were assisting.

Officers of the Revolutionist Army had visited the hospital and General Sung, the head of the "Fukien Republic," had expressed to the United States Consul his appreciation of the kindness of the missionaries and the care given by them to the wounded and dying men.

The poverty and suffering occasioned by this mighty revolution,—the greatest perhaps in all history,—cannot be overstated. God grant a speedy peace, and wisdom to the men who are making this epochal effort for China's freedom!

Mrs. Ament writes under recent date: "One of our preachers took as his text last Sunday, 'And we were in all in the ship two hundred and **An Incident in** three score and sixteen souls.' After a graphic description **Peking.** of the circumstances, he said, 'And who is there among us to whom I can liken this 276th man, Paul, who knew how to be silent, but also knew how to speak and to act when necessity arose?' My attention was close as I waited to hear if to his thought Yuan Shi Kai, the long waited for official, was such a one. But no, to my great surprise, he attributed all these qualities of courage and resourcefulness to 'the company of foreign ladies and teachers, who instead of seeking some safe asylum for themselves in Japan or Korea, have stayed and planned day and night for the protection of women and children and for the families of the people round about them.' This was such unexpected appreciation that for a moment it was not easy to keep back the tears, for many of the Christians have looked askance upon our efforts to help the people of all faiths and none, fearing perhaps that their interests might be overlooked.

"Others have caught the spirit of helpfulness and have done what they could to further our movement. More than one Chinese woman has given generously of her time and has helped to make comforters for the Red Cross work, or has pricked her fingers trying to push a needle through the stiff canvas of the knapsacks. Business is almost paralyzed. The streets are full of trains of carts laden with grain on their way to the camps."

As we turn to the quiet victories of the home side of our work, it is a pleasure to express our appreciation of the splendid campaign conducted by **Southern Post Jubilee** Mrs. Theodora Crosby Bliss in Florida, following **Work.** her strenuous service in connection with the Jubilee meetings. She represented the Congregational work with the Jubilee party in Charleston, S. C., Atlanta, Ga., Birmingham, Ala., and Jacksonville and Bartow, Fla. Union meetings were held also during November, with Mrs. Bliss as speaker, in Jacksonville, Sanford, Winter Park, New Smyrna and Daytona, while other services were addressed in Demorest, Ga., and Orange City, Ormond, Lake Helen and New Smyrna, Fla., including a district convention of Christian Endeavor societies and the East Coast Conference of Congregational Churches. The whole number of addresses made by Mrs. Bliss during the six weeks was sixty-two. A more extended account of her tour will be given in the March LIFE AND LIGHT.

Mrs. Peabody writes of the Southern Jubilees: "The loveliest thing I have heard about the Post Jubilee work is the account of the Charleston, S. C., women. They carried the Jubilee through magnificently in spite of

the cyclone which almost wrecked their city just after the committees began work. Their spirit was beautiful and after we left, they met again for prayer and the meeting place was too small. Then they started, two by two, and canvassed the city in that one day. They met again in the evening, a great host, and reported *one thousand and one* new members! That is to me the greatest canvass thus far. It was united, concentrated, and undertaken with prayer. So few cities have really *followed the plan*. One city did nothing till the middle of November. Then a little urging led them to try and five hundred new women in one week came into the societies.

Why do not all our societies try it? Are we too deep in the ruts, or are we a bit lazy, or don't we care that only ten per cent of our women are helping to lift the load? It seems so obvious that we must do something definite to reach the ninety per cent. This method seems so sane and simple; it proves effective; it can be tried any month in the year; it ought to be tried *some* month of the year in every society. Is it availing in *your* town, in *your* society?"

And what better month to try it than January or February, if you have not yet made the effort?

Following the October and November Campaign in the Boston churches, a reception in honor of new members was held on Tuesday, December 12th, **Boston's** at the Hotel Vendome. Arrangements had been made under **Gain.** the auspices of the Continuation Jubilee Committee, of which Mrs. Van Rensselaer Thayer was Chairman. Mrs. Peabody presided and gave telling facts concerning the Campaign in various places, notably Pittsburg, where the work is still forging ahead. Under Miss Stanwood's direction, reports were given from churches of the different denominations. A total of between seven and eight hundred was reported, but the effort for advance had not been carried to its completion even for the present season. Dr. Sarah Ellen Palmer represented the Association of Doctors and Nurses in Boston and vicinity, an outgrowth of the Boston Jubilee, which promises much in the interest of medical women in promoting medical missionary work. Mrs. Montgomery gave an inspiring address in which she especially emphasized the need of a new vision of Christ.

Miss Emily Bissell of Ahmednagar, after several months spent in Waverley, Mass., near her sister Julia, has been obliged to undergo a severe **Missionary** surgical operation. Miss Bissell is rapidly recovering at the **Personals.** Battle Creek Sanitarium, Melrose, Mass., and is soon to visit relatives in the West. She is supported by the Woman's Board of the

Interior, but to the regret of all, was unable to attend their annual meeting in Denver.

Mrs. James L. Fowle of Cesarea, has also had surgical treatment at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Roxbury, Mass., but is happily making good progress toward health.

Miss Delia Leavens of Tung-chou, China, who has been convalescing at Kuling from a long siege of typhoid, had various interesting experiences on her recent journey down to Shanghai, where she wisely decided to remain with friends till traveling should be less hazardous.

Letters from Sendai, Japan, bring the unwelcome tidings of the crippling, temporarily, of Miss Annie Bradshaw's multiform activities, by an accident which resulted in the breaking of a rib. Miss Bradshaw is gaining and is able to hear some of her classes in her room.

New Year greetings have been received at the Rooms from many friends, among them Miss Noyes of Madura, now in Cincinnati, Miss Annie Allen, now touring on the Pacific Coast in the interests of the W. B. M. P., Miss Lucy E. Case formerly of Osaka, Japan, now at Los Angeles, Cal., where she has classes for the deaf, in lip reading, and from Mrs. C. M. Lamson who with her son Kenneth is spending the winter in Munich. How these good wishes at the holiday season warm the heart and give courage for the New Year!

“On Thursday, November 9th, a great company gathered in Arnaoutkeuy, to witness the laying of the cornerstone of Gould Hall, the Administration Building of the American College for Girls in Constantinople, by his Excellency, Hon. W. W. Rockhill, the American Ambassador. The students of the college at Scutari and the preparatory students from Arnaoutkeuy arranged themselves on mounds of earth surrounding the growing buildings, under the great Turkish and American flags waving from the tops of the derricks, while many guests from different parts of the city stood in groups during the addresses and through the swinging into its place of the great cornerstone.

The exercises were essentially religious in character, the devotional note being strong from beginning to end. The leading thought in the minds of all present was the significance of this occasion, made possible not only by the splendid generosity of Miss Helen Gould, but also by her spiritual perception and comprehension of the great future possible for this college. Dr. Patrick spoke briefly, explaining the nature of the occasion and giving an outline of the plans for future buildings. The new college when com-

pleted will consist of a group of seven buildings, arranged in a line about one thousand feet long, somewhat irregular in form and giving the effect of a semicircle. Gould Hall will stand in the center and about it will be grouped other buildings. Among those who have contributed largely to the fund for these buildings are Mrs. Henry Woods of Boston, Miss Olivia Phelps Stokes and Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

"Others who took part in the exercises were Hon. W. W. Rockhill, Dr. Bowen and President Gates of Robert College who offered the dedicatory prayer. A delightful feature of the occasion was the presence and participation of representatives of many different races and communities in the city, each offering congratulations in his own language, and bringing words of cordial appreciation of the work of the college for the women of their country." Abridged from *The Orient*.

There is still an opportunity to secure a Prayer Calendar for 1912, if you make early application. The sales of the January days are reducing our Calendars and stock quite rapidly. It has been a disappointment that Miss Literature. Hartshorn has received so few orders for the unusual little leaflet, "All in a Nutshell." A large edition was printed and is still on hand. While it is of use at any time, it is especially adapted to the work of 1912. Price twenty cents a dozen. The same is true of the very pretty Folklore Series (five cents each). Much time and money have been spent during the past year in making the publication department useful and efficient and this lack of demand for the leaflets offered for sale raises the question as to what the constituency wishes along this line another year. If you like the supply of literature offered you, please make use of it!

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM NOVEMBER 18 TO DECEMBER 18, 1911

| | For Regular Work. | For Buildings. | For Work of 1912. | For Special Objects. | From Legacies. | Total. |
|------|----------------------|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|------------|
| 1910 | \$7,165.28 | \$105.00 | | \$56.00 | \$2,062.50 | \$9,388.78 |
| 1911 | 7,217.42 | 122.00 | \$333.00 | 383.66 | 925.00 | 8,981.08 |
| Gain | 52.14 | 17.00 | 333.00 | 327.66 | | |
| Loss | | | | | 1,137.50 | 407.70 |

FOR TWO MONTHS TO DECEMBER 18, 1911

| | | | | | | |
|------|-----------|----------|----------|--------|----------|-----------|
| 1910 | 11,518.01 | 4,821.50 | | 90.30 | 2,105.75 | 18,535.56 |
| 1911 | 11,637.40 | 914.39 | 3,965.34 | 548.61 | 1,435.00 | 18,500.74 |
| Gain | 119.39 | | 3,965.34 | 458.31 | | |
| Loss | | 3,907.11 | | | 670.75 | 34.82 |

The American Board has a fine reprint of the remarkable article published in the September *Century*, "Christian Missions in Japan," by Adachi **Other** Kinnosuke. To quote the author as to his standpoint, "This, **Publications.** frankly, is no defense of the foreign missions; it is not even a Christian view of the work. I am a Japanese by birth,—a mere heathen. It is therefore an impression of an outsider pure and simple, and these I know to be facts." Illustrated, price five cents. "The Christian Movement in Japan," giving a view of missions in Japan from the inside, and "The China Mission Year Book," are two new handbooks which should be in the library of every missionary specialist. To be obtained from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, price respectively 87 cents and \$1.50, postpaid.

CEYLON

A STORY OF CONTRASTS

BY KATE G. LAMSON

WAVING palms against blue skies, heavy rains that flood the earth, vivid green of rice paddy standing in the welcome moisture, fences of woven palm hiding groups of mud huts, half-clad men and women, nude babies, toe rings, earrings, nose jewels, necklaces and bracelets, Hindu and Buddhist shrines by the wayside and temples large and small, gaudy, loathsome, grotesque, now and then a Mohammedan mosque,—it is Ceylon. Birds of bright feather and sweet song, clouds of ravens croaking their unpleasant notes, elephants, monkeys and leopards wild in the jungle, reptile and insect life swarming everywhere,—it is Ceylon. Throngs of people constantly on the move through the streets, weddings and funeral processions accompanied by the beating of tom-tom and the blowing of horns, bazaars where fruits and vegetables and various native wares are offered for sale and where great crowds congregate,—it is Ceylon. A neat church here, a Christian day school there, a hospital and dispensary yonder, a boarding school and college beyond, neatly dressed and sober-minded people moving in and out, reverent listeners in the churches, intelligent, bright-eyed pupils in the schools,—it is Ceylon.

Out from the chaos of new sights and sounds it seemed a foretaste of the heavenly welcome to hear the voices of Miss Howland and Miss Bookwalter saying, "Here they are," on the platform of a station more than an hour from our journey's end. It was but the beginning of welcomes from missionaries and native Christians, and from that moment

scene followed scene with endless variety and interest. Let us shift them now before the mind's eye with something of the same rapidity.

On the veranda of the Uduvil Girls' Boarding School stand a double line numbering two hundred and fifty pupils, "clad in white robes with palms in their hands," singing words of welcome and waving their palms high in air. This is the present fruitage of the school, started seventy-five years ago under an olive tree by Mrs. Myron Winslow, fostered through long years of growth by the revered Eliza Agnew, and still blessed by the devoted life of Miss Susan Howland whose daughters are found throughout the Ceylon Mission rising up to call her blessed.



JAFFNA STREET SCENE

A few minutes later the school fills the assembly hall, made gay with many decorations, and with a banner of Mt. Holyoke blue showing that this school is a true and loyal daughter of the noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut. Songs and addresses

voice the gratitude of teachers and pupils to the Board that has done so much for them.

Later in the day the scene shifts again and the alumnae of the school gather by invitation. They fall naturally into arrangement by classes in their delight at meeting each other again. Five old ladies whose school days were passed in 1837 and 1838 are sitting together and stroke each other's faces or pat the hands of the schoolmates of so long ago. The groups of faces grow younger as we review them on the veranda, while in the distance are the eager eyes of the schoolgirls of to-day, too many in number to be bidden on this occasion. The day is made memorable by the opening of a new wing which provides rooms for the care of sick girls and a gathering place for the teachers in the evening. An inspection

of the classes, and close association with the daily life of the school show the predominance of the spiritual side of the work.

In every department the girls are being taught the best things. Whether they come from Christian or from Sivite homes all have the risen Christ held up before them, and seldom does one leave the school without being at heart a Christian, while many come out openly as such.

We cannot hope to do more than study types in a visit of ten days in a mission and still less in the limits of one short article, so we must pass over with only an allusion the splendid work of the Udupiddi school with its great opportunity for reaching a strong Sivite community. In smaller degree, numerically it is doing the same great work in the western section of Jaffna that Uduvil is doing in the east. Both are essential to the Mission, both demand enlarged facilities.

Another change of scene, and with Dr. Scott as guide, we are inspecting typical day schools. The first is of best grade as to housing and equipment. We pass through the gate of an enclosure to the schoolhouse. It

consists of stone and cement walls three or four feet high from which rise posts of the same material supporting a thatch roof. There are no windows or doors, but none are needed in this climate. A stone seat runs around the walls on the inside. The floor is the earth over which the building is erected. There are two or three small blackboards made by



A TAMIL SCHOOLHOUSE OF THE BEST TYPE

plastering and blackening parts of the posts. The teacher has a desk and there are a few others for the use of pupils, but there are no desks of modern style and workmanship, they are old and awkward in shape, perhaps cast aside from some office or school where they have served their day.

The next school is in housing of medium grade. It has mud walls with a mud seat running round the interior. Wooden posts support the

thatch roof. These posts are irregular in shape owing to the fact that they are hewn by hand. A table for the teacher, one or two benches for pupils are the only pieces of furniture to be noted. The children sit on the ground and kneel before the benches to write or do sums in arithmetic. In the schoolhouse of the third and lowest grade the mud walls are giving way, the thatch of the roof lets in copious streams of the water that descends in a deluge during the rainy season. There is not even a bench here for the children to write upon nor a slate on which to do a sum.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN AT THE WOMAN'S MEETING

Little brown forms sit huddled together cross-legged upon the ground, brown hands smooth over the surface, and forefingers write Tamil characters or numbers on the earth so prepared.

The work accomplished in these schools is out of all proportion to the equipment provided for them, and with American standards in mind it is humiliating to study this tale of bricks made without straw. The government is threatening to withhold grants unless better plants can be furnished for our day schools, and Hindu schools well supported are setting up a powerful opposition which has already met with success in some quarters

and is a menace for the future if we cannot improve the conditions under which our work is done.

The last type which we can call in review before us is that of the Bible women, and for this two scenes must suffice. One is a gathering of these women from the various stations of the Mission. They have come to tell of their work and express their gratitude to the Christian women of America who support it. Some of these workers are aged, having seen long years of service. None are very young since social conditions would not permit of sending such into homes and villages. The faces are earnest and thoughtful, and they become at times radiant as they tell of the open doors which formerly were closed. One woman working where



HINDU WOMEN ADDRESSED BY MISS LAMSON AT ARALY

the heat was unusually severe determined not to go out in the middle of the day, but the opportunity all about her so appealed to her, and she was "so thirsty for souls" that she forgot all else, and every part of the day found her at her work. To listen to the stories of these humble handmaids of the Lord is to hear a new version of the Acts of the Apostles.

Our closing scene is on a Sunday afternoon. A cluster of mud huts in a grove of cocoanut palms forms part of a Sivite village. Only one ray of Christian light and influence penetrates the darkness and this shines through the school-teacher and Bible woman who makes her home in this heathen community. She is a widow with little children to support. Just outside of her two-roomed mud house, into which almost no daylight comes, she has covered a bit of ground with a rude thatch supported on

poles, and around three sides has put matting made of woven palms. Under this shelter are gathered on this Sunday afternoon some sixteen Sivite women, while children and older people of both sexes, moved by curiosity, crowd around the open side. A little group of Christian boys from Jaffna College sing hymns. A boy, also from the College but not yet a Christian, one whose home is in this village, has been hovering near and runs away to call his heathen mother.

Mrs. Brown is the missionary lady in charge of this field. She sits down in the midst of these half-clad, chattering, giggling women and talks in a friendly, informal way with them about the funeral of a child that has just passed down the road. Sorrow like kindness makes the whole world kin. They, too, have known sorrow. The life to come is to them also a reality, although it means to them to live again as an animal or reptile. It is an easy step from this to the religion of Jesus Christ, setting us free from sin in this life and preparing us for a life of joy in the presence of God hereafter. The vacant faces grow sober, the silly laughter subsides, the quiet of a new thought settles upon these untrained minds. Are any depths stirred? Only God knows the answer to that question, but it is He who has said that His Word shall not return unto Him void, it shall accomplish that whereto He sent it.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE BURNING

WHAT TAOISM MEANS TO THE CHINESE WOMAN

BY ALICE SEYMOUR BROWNE

THE warm brilliance of a certain Second Sun of the Second Moon (which in prosaic American fashion we call February second), flooding the house-rimmed Chinese courtyard I entered, seemed to be radiating an extraordinary atmosphere of leisureliness. The older women, with faces like wrinkled bronze, blissfully smoked their tiny long-stemmed pipes in the full blaze of the sun, while their (more or less) obedient slaves, technically called their daughters-in-law, were gaily gossiping over their babies in a corner.

"What sewing have you been doing lately?" I asked, after the ordinary greetings had been exchanged. This is a staple and ever-interesting topic of conversation among the women folk of our hard-working China.

"Not much," said the oldest old lady, knocking the ashes out of her pipe; "and of course, as the dragon lifts his head to-day, no one can touch a needle." So that was why they were all idle! But I still felt inquisitive. I had heard of the mythical Dragon King, who lives in his great palaces under the sea, and makes the earth quake with a stir, and interferes with the digging of mines and other useful modern deeds, which he hates. Also I knew that the lifting of his head meant spring; but the needle? I made inquiries.

"To-day he lifts his head," they said again simply; "if we used a needle, we might stick it into his eye, without knowing it! So no one dares sew to-day, of course."

Of course! I felt stupid indeed to have asked, and thought to change the subject by asking the meaning of the big circle of ashes, with a brick, evidently covering something, in the center. The younger women looked a shade embarrassed. Perhaps they had a feeling that one never could tell what a foreigner would or would not believe. The old lady explained in a most matter-of-fact manner.

"The circle represents a granary. Under the brick are beans and grains. If the wind does not blow the ashes away, we shall have our bins full this year. We have always done it this day, every year."

"We have always done it." What a weight of sanction and impressiveness were behind her words! Century after century, year after year, the great-grandmother had handed down to the baby girl these countless traditions and habitudes, festivals and customs. As surely as the little

girl grew up in the home with her mother and grandmother and aunts and grand-aunts, so inevitably would her mind shoot up in the atmosphere of their old wives' tales and superstitions, which would cramp the eager heart and brain no less than the cruelly tight cloth bands would bind her tender feet. Day by day, in that narrow circle of house or village, she hears and sees,—and learns.



Photo by Chas. F. Gammon

IN A TUNG-CHOU TEMPLE

As she grows older, she must act out what she has been taught until they become as much a part of her life as that of her remote ancestress. The web of her humdrum everyday life, especially if she belongs to the vast majority of country people, is shot through and through with these strange-colored threads of fancies and fears and faiths. Every important decision of her life is dependent on them. The source lies back in that hybrid system now known as the Taoist religion. The grim humor of history shows itself in the way the mystic meditation of Lao-tsze and his followers, have developed into the present irrational combination of folklore, superstition and demon worship, which is such an inexorable factor in the life of women who cannot distinguish between

Buddhism and Taoism, who cannot read a single character in the Tao Te Ching, who can never eat the gold-colored pills of immortality, or become a happy immortal!

The black-eyed little maiden, hobbling along the village street on her newly-bound feet, and gorgeous in home-dyed scarlet and green, wears a charm written by the gray-clad old priest at the Taoist temple. She must help worship the kitchen god, and carry offerings to the temples. When only a few years old, perhaps, her parents will invite the fortune teller, wise in the wisdom of stars and times and symbols, to divine whether her betrothal to Little Baldy of the Wang family, at Chang Village, will be lucky or not. Only he can tell on what "lucky days" the betrothal gifts may be exchanged, and the wedding itself take place.

If she has the welfare of her family truly at heart, on the first and fifteenth of each month she must carry little plates of greasy cakes or bread to the doorway of the tiny brick temple no bigger than a dog-kennel, to beg the favor of the god of wealth,—who may be a snake or a hedgehog, a weasel or a fox.

If her child dies, she will chop off its tiny fingers to frighten its little ghost away from the house, and perhaps she will call in a *feng shui* (wind and water) specialist to divine the cause of her ill-luck in losing the child. He may assure her that the position of the door must be changed to suit the offended spirits, and bring her prosperity, and she pays his fee with a sense of relief. Better yet, if she is fortunate enough to secure it, she will paste on her doorpost a strip of yellow paper, on which cabalistic charms have been written in cock's blood by the priests or the Taoist Pope. She will wear a bit of scarlet on her hair ornaments, or a pomegranate flower, if it is the last night of the year, for then all the gods and spirits walk the earth, and the evil ones are afraid of scarlet! On the seventh of the seventh month, she will teach her daughter to put a cup of clear water with a needle in it in the sun, that she might later discover how clever she is going to be.

But it is when she is ill that these threads of fear and superstition bind her most closely. In spite of prohibitions by enlightened officials, she will send for a "god-jumper,"—usually an old woman whose wealth is in direct ratio to her reputation for power over gods and demons. The witch may declare, perhaps by watching the form of the incense smoke, that the invalid is possessed by some demon,—by the snake or fox or weasel, which often will openly confess (!) itself. Then the incantation begins,—a chanting adjuration, going into a trance, the brewing of

witch tea, and usually a needle-thrust in one of the thirteen places prescribed by Taoism. Any reasonable demon then retires!

If she dies, a big paper cow must be burnt, to drink up the quantities of water whose purity she has sullied in a lifetime of washing and cooking (one wonders whether that is the reason they are seemingly so chary of its use?), lest the water god take revenge on her.

So from birth to death, in and out, among the strong threads of toil and care, these bizarre, many-colored strands of superstition and fear and narrow cunning are woven into the pattern of a Chinese woman's life. These few you know,—but there are countless others. The loves and hates of her woman's heart, and her instinctive faith in the invisible spirit world, make her a credulous victim of the Taoist fables at which her husband laughs, but which touch her everyday life at so many points. Her fear of the demons and the ill they can do her and her dear ones, as well as of the lazy priest or witch doctor who has power over them, combine with her passion for the welfare and comfort of her children to make her scrupulously observant of all hoary rites and customs. Yet by this very reverence she but weaves the firmer the blight of paralyzing fear into the ignorant young lives growing up about her.

Do we try to pull them out,—these threads woven so fast by custom and fear? In our schools are girls whose life's web will never be marred by fear of demons or mean gods; and as for those in whose long lives the threads are strong, perhaps one or two of the most ugly and distorting can be done away with. For the rest, we are content to weave in a wonderful new pattern, beside whose beauty the colors of other gods and faiths shall pale and fade away of their own accord.

NELLIE N. RUSSELL

PEKING, 1890-1911

“That he for whom the world doth sorely grieve
Greatly hath blessed mankind in that he once did live.”

EARLY last summer Miss Russell marked these lines in a book of poems. Now we turn to them, as we think of her at the close of her years of joyful, loving service. She was a blessing to others from her arrival in China, twenty-one years ago, and ever since she has brought inspiration and helpfulness to all with whom she has come in contact. Now her going from us does indeed leave us sorely bereaved.

All the years in China were spent in active, strenuous work for the

people to whom her life was given. At first there were many years when more than half of her time was spent in the country, staying in the poor sordid homes, going from village to village in the heavy springless carts, and for weeks and sometimes months at a time, seeing none but the people of the country, poor, ignorant, untutored. Many would see here only a life of hardship, and would find it hard to seek the spiritual in the midst of so many difficulties. Not so Miss Russell. She ever kept the vision. She saw there the souls whom the Lord Jesus would win for his own. She felt the pathos of the lives there, she found where the ray of light might enter, she aided the faint hopes and aspirations with unquenchable zeal. And how the years have shown the results of her deep faith, her eager love, her unrelaxing hold on those whom she had touched. The women in many a village would show them to you, if you could talk with the groups of those who through her love found a Saviour. The churches of this widespread country field show many marks of her earnestness, and everywhere the deep grief at her loss shows what she has been to them.

After those years came the time of sorrow, the Boxer year, with its suffering and privation. Miss Russell was one who ministered to many during that terrible summer in Peking, and her health never recovered from the effects of those weeks under shot and shell. The next winter in the city was one of confusion and terror for the people. Many were those who brought to her their story of loved ones killed, or of property gone, or of other bitter and helpless sufferings. And to each one was given deep, true sympathy, and aid or advice in finding a new way of life. Courage and comfort came to them, through the aid so unstintedly given. Yet to the giver it was indeed a year of burden-bearing, another year which left its mark upon her health.

After a time began the new days, and gradually new opportunities of work arose. Miss Russell was the one who saw them, and she had the courage to take advantage of them, and to plan new movements. She began the lectures for women, at first with some fear, wondering if the women would venture to come, and then with more and more of confidence. And the lectures filled the need of the time. The awakening women of the city were reached and touched. Many were brought to the church and its teachings, and others, who have not yet come so far, have received new thoughts and impulses, and a broadening of life that is helping them on the way. And the end of this influence is not yet.

Through this work came wider acquaintance in the city, and a knowledge of the educated and cultured class. With her remarkable social grace and tact, Miss Russell won these women as fully as she had won the

plain women of the country, and she had great influence in turning them to unselfish service and to a higher thought of life. One piece of work done among them was the suggestion of founding the anti-cigarette society, which has now a thousand members among the women and schoolgirls of Peking, and in which she and Miss Miner have continued working with the Chinese women.

During her last year, still broader work was planned. The lectures were extended throughout the city, by the co-operation of others. Special rooms were prepared for classes and talks for the women of the city, and here she and Mrs. Ament worked last year. Every means was taken, every effort made, to win acquaintance and friendship, and with the friendship which grew so rapidly there came always the deep heart talks and the pointing to the Saviour who controlled her life. She never forgot the aim of all this effort, and all that she did was guided by her longing for growth in the spiritual life of each of those who came to her. And many were the rewards that came, as one and another told of receiving comfort from prayer, and grew in eagerness to learn more of this blessed truth.

There was also work in the Bible school with Miss Porter in these last years, and with all this, the friends in the country were not forgotten, though the trips made to visit them had to be shorter, both on account of her health, and from the increased work in the city.

Who shall tell of the beauty of this gracious, winning personality so given to the Master's work? A Chinese woman says of her, "The second time you saw her, you felt as if she were an old friend." Her interest in each one was real, her sympathy was ever ready, and her tact in conversation was ever leading the talk to higher levels. And through it all shone a love and an absolute self-forgetfulness that never failed to leave its impress. No weariness, no plan for self, could keep her back from joyful deeds of service. The dignity of life, the beauty of high ideals, the glory of service, the radiance of love, stand before us as we think of her. She combined the power to initiate and carry forward great things with the love and sympathy which could work for the poorest and the weakest. All who knew her felt the strength and inspiration of her life—felt, as one friend has said, that she was "majestic." We rejoice that this life with its rich gifts could be so used in the Master's service. We rejoice in these years so crowded with works of love, and in the broad plans which still reach on into the future. And while we long for her in our sorrow, we yet rejoice with her in the joy of the great reward that has come to her.

RECENT DAYS IN PEKING

BY BERTHA P. REED

I AM sure you have seen my letter telling of our Women's and Children's Protective Association, though I am not sure that I called it by that name. The plan has grown and grown, and it is a large and wide-spread affair that we are carrying on.

These are strange days. I lie down at night with the sense of hearing still alert, listening for every sound on the street. Yet so far the streets have become wonderfully quiet each night, for people are too frightened



Photo by Chas. F. Gammon

ENTRANCE TO LEGATION QUARTERS, PEKING

to be out. And each morning I wake with a feeling of great thankfulness and relief, that no terrible thing has happened during the night. To-night, how will it be? Word has come from the telegraph office that outside soldiers are very near, and people who seem to know expect an attack to-night. Some of the women are coming to the refuges to stay, and we may have to be up at any hour, helping people to get to the places near here that are prepared for them. These certainly are new experiences. I have to think back to remember how it seems to live in a time of peace and security, without constant preparation for some coming disaster.

Tuesday morning early, looking out of my window, I saw an American flag waving over our compound gate for the first time since I have been in China; but it brought this time a strange sinking of the heart to watch it, for it meant that we needed official government protection. Usually we cannot have it there, for we are not an official government center.

We are being sought by all now. It is pitiful to see how many places are being offered to use as refuges—beautiful great places with one hun-



ON THE WAY FROM SHANSI

Photo by Chas. F. Gammon

dred and two hundred rooms, the homes of proud and wealthy families. They will do almost anything if we will use them, for that means some protection for the place, and apart from that they have no protection to trust in. They fear there will be only looting and pillaging in them. Of course we can only use a small proportion of them, but a good many fine places are being used. To-day come offers of more very large places; and people throng our rooms, buying certificates for entrance to a refuge, at a dollar apiece of our money, fifty cents of yours. Yesterday so many names were handed in, that this morning eight teachers wrote till nearly noon, writing names and addresses of applicants on the certificates, before those for that day were finished. These four days we have been crowded like that, and this evening some men are still writing to finish up to-day's lists, for their own family and the neighbors,—very

few women are coming out now. Poor people—it is their only hope, and it does weigh on one's heart to watch them. They trust so in our certificate and badge—it must be that it will be a sufficient protection. We are doing our best for the protection of the places. A government board is assisting, and promises protection of police.

Under later date. Our plans and refuges have gone on developing. The Red Cross Society has just been established, and we have a sort of affiliation with it. Naturally, their constitution does not provide for such work, as the need for it does not exist in most countries, but we are granted some connection now. May it be that it will not be necessary here for many years to protect women and children so carefully in time of war! There are about fifteen places of refuge now. Some women have already gone into them, but we are persuading most of them to stay at home longer, as there seems to be no immediate danger. Their fright is the worse for their memories of 1900.

Our hopes are growing stronger that there may not be great disturbance in the city. Meantime, other work stops for some of us, and all the time is given to meeting people who come, and working among the refuges, seeing that they are managed rightly. Our acquaintance is extending in a wonderful way, and we wonder much what the result will be in the work of the future.

We shall be so thankful when it is over and settled, and life is normal again. We need to pray much that God will be with this people, as well as with the leaders. Here, perhaps four hundred thousand have left the city. Think of the amount of money that has been taken away. Shop-keepers are beginning really to suffer, for they make almost no sales. The work of many has ceased, and there is sure to be a great deal of suffering in the city this winter, just from this sudden poverty.

LEAVING HANKOW IN HASTE

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, then Miss Matilda Calder, was a missionary of the Woman's Board at Marash, Turkey, previous to her marriage. She went to China with her husband, Rev. J. Lawrence Thurston, to join the Yale Mission in 1902, but returned to California in 1903 because of Mr. Thurston's illness. After his death she returned to Changsha where she has taught for five years in the Ya Li School. After her furlough she expects to return to China where she will have charge of a school for missionary children at Kuling. This account of her escape from Hankow is taken from the *Hartford Daily Courant* for December 21st.

Just two months ago Mrs. Lawrence Thurston was at Wuchang, China, the day before a large part of the city went up in flame and a day before China and the world realized that the revolt against the emperor was a

deal more than an uprising restricted to one quarter of a single city. In short, Mrs. Thurston missed the revolution by a single day. She was aboard a ship, sailing for Shanghai on the night of the burning of the viceroy's yamen and soldiers' camps in Wuchang, and describes the fire-lit skies as a scene of terrible magnificence.

After teaching five years in the Ya Li School, the Yale Mission School at Changsha, in the province of Hunan, Mrs. Thurston was granted a furlough of a year and chose to leave China in time to spend the Christmas holidays in her father's home in Hartford. "No one even dreamed," said Mrs. Thurston yesterday, "that the disorder would result in so great a revolution. It looked at first like a simple revolt, and everyone expected the government would put it down in a short time. I left Changsha on October 7th, traveling by boat to Wuchang, where I was to take another steamer for Shanghai; at Shanghai I was to leave for home, by way of Marseilles. Changsha is about 200 miles from Hankow and we reached the city on October 9th.

"Hankow, you know, is one of the three cities centered about the conjunction of the Han River with the Yangtze. Hankow is the commercial city, Hanyang the industrial city and Wuchang, on the other bank of the Yangtze, is the official city. The three cities remind one a good deal of the way Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City are situated, although in all they—the three Chinese cities—comprise but one million souls.

"I spent part of the day, before sailing, in Wuchang, and had no trouble in getting out of the city that afternoon, but it was rather fortunate I did get out, for after the disorder and fire that night the gates were closed, and the city shut up for two days, when the revolutionists gained control. Until then it did not look like a 'big' thing; in fact, Bishop Roote had left his post in Hankow for a short visit to a point further inland. He came back rapidly indeed when he heard how serious was the revolt. As our steamer went on its way to Shanghai the burning yamen of the viceroy and the soldiers' camps lit up the skies for miles around.

"The regular mission work," said Mrs. Thurston, "of teaching in the schools and of visiting places more removed from the larger Chinese cities stopped when the first signs of trouble began to show themselves. The men took up quarters on an island in the river, near Changsha, together with some of the consular officers. They are there still, I believe. The women and children were sent immediately to Shanghai, where they are now what one might call 'camping out' in rented houses, with rented furnishings, and so forth. All of the women and children—

the non-combatants—of all the missions are now in Shanghai, out of the way of possible bloodshed.

“At the first signs of trouble there was a great exit of foreigners and native Chinese from the revolutionary zone. A strange form of panic seized the young Chinese clerks employed in the great Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. There was a great demand for money—silver entirely, for the people would not take paper—and the bank officials were without sufficient help in their counting department. So they pressed a number of missionaries into service between October 10th and October 20th; the missionaries were simply without their usual tasks, as the schools had closed. The missionary physicians, however, have organized in Red Cross work and are even more busy than usual.

“Of course, it would not be prudent for the foreigners in China to express great sympathy for the revolutionists or their cause,” continued Mrs. Thurston, “but the sympathy is there just the same. The general opinion is that China is fast moving up in the scale of civilization and that the progress will be faster if the revolution proves successful. This same opinion, I believe, exists among the modern educated Chinese, also, and is caused in their cases by the work of the mission schools. So, exclusive of the business men, whose interests are endangered or disturbed by the warfare itself, the foreigners and educated Chinese are on the side of the revolution.”

THE INTERNATIONAL TEACUP CLUB

BY MRS. A. E. DUNNING

Mrs. Dunning, with her husband, Dr. A. E. Dunning, former editor of *The Congregationalist*, is enjoying a tour of the world, with many unusual opportunities for interesting experiences.

THE war in China has lately kept tourists from visiting the interior of the country and many have even turned from cities near the coast. But our little party of eight ventured inland to Peking and from there made an excursion to the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall, spending one night in a delightful little Chinese inn in the town of Nankon. The mission work being done both in Peking and Shanghai has impressed me so greatly that I am moved to write some facts concerning it for readers of LIFE AND LIGHT.

The extreme poverty and the hard conditions of daily living for almost all the people of Japan and China are far greater than I had supposed. If it is still worse in India I can hardly imagine it. But if the shadows are

darker, the lights in pictures of these lands are even brighter than many of us know, and I will briefly mention a few of them.

Mr. Harry Martin, a young missionary of the American Board, with some Chinese helpers,—for he has not yet conquered the difficult language,—is caring for a little Sunday school in a most wretched part of the outskirts of Peking. It is approached by narrow, filthy and crowded streets and is near a temple containing a great number of the most curious and dilapidated old gods that we have yet seen, but the enclosure containing the little schoolrooms is a haven of peace, and surely some of the bright boys and girls who gather there will enter into new life that will lift them out of their present dreadful surroundings.

The home of a Chinese pastor, not far away, but somewhat better placed, was a most interesting spot. From the living room, where we were received, a bedroom opened on the left, a kitchen on the right. Everything was neat and well arranged, that which was most unusual to our eyes being a fireplace, like our grandmothers' ovens, only built in under the bed.

The work of Christian Colleges, Methodist and Congregational in Peking, Episcopal in Shanghai, is already well known, but not yet so well appreciated, because so recent, is that of the International Institute under the care of Dr. Gilbert Reid, formerly a Presbyterian missionary. It is now more than ten years since this mission among the higher classes in China was established, and it is very promising, although now it naturally, and in common with other colleges, feels the influence of the revolution. In forming it Dr. Reid had the cordial support of the princes and ministers of the Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs, as well as of many prominent citizens of China and other countries.

One great object of Dr. and Mrs. Reid is to encourage friendly social intercourse between Chinese gentlemen and ladies and those of other nations, and the ladies of our little party were greatly pleased that a meeting of the International Teacup Club, to which we were kindly invited by Mr. Reid, occurred during our sojourn in Shanghai. Here we met ladies of many nationalities but were principally interested in those who belonged to the land. To me they were most attractive and contrasted in some respects very favorably with the foreigners. They were quiet and simple in their manners, and modestly as well as richly dressed. A Chinese lady's gown is intended to drape and conceal rather than to display her figure and I could not but admire the little lady at my side, clothed in garments of rich black figured silk against which her magnificent jewels gleamed and

sparkled, rather than another near by in a street suit of pink and an immense black hat that projected on each side several inches beyond her shoulders. The neat hair of the Chinese ladies was bound down by smooth black bands. Some of the younger ones wore soft white ruching around the edge of their high black collars, and one had a European suit, but it was of soft dark blue silk and velvet.

Our conversation with these ladies was necessarily limited, although some could speak a little English, and the missionaries kindly interpreted for us. Several of them were Christians, and one, at least, was a Mohammedan. With the Christians we were at once in loving fellowship and cards and assurances of remembrance were left with each other at parting. We came away feeling sure that this Teacup Club will have its part in the great work of uplifting China.

COMMENCEMENT AT MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, BITLIS

BY GRACE H. KNAPP

A COMMENCEMENT in October? Yes; for Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Bitlis, unlike all other mission schools has a summer session. It is transferred bodily to a mountain camp where its pupils escape the diseases so prevalent in a filthy Oriental city during the hot months, roam the hills in freedom, play games in the moonlight, study out of doors, imbibe pure air and pure water, and thus acquire a large reserve fund of health and vigor, so that, in spite of cramped winter quarters, cases of serious illness have been exceedingly rare in the forty-three years of the school's history.

We do not have Commencement exercises every year by any manner of means. Indeed, the class of 1911 is only the third class to be graduated since 1895 and is the largest class ever graduated, though it numbers but five. Girls enter from homes so lacking in everything a child needs for its right development, require so many years of mental and moral training to make them worthy of the school's seal of approval, and marry so young, that the greater number drop out within a year or two of graduation.

But quality has made up for quantity, always. The Misses Ely have associated so intimately with their pupils, have studied their individual dispositions and needs so carefully, have surrounded them with such an atmosphere of love and prayer, that it is small wonder that most of "their girls" have become women of unusually strong, sweet, well-rounded

Christian character, useful, honored and beloved wherever their lot has been cast—and they have been scattered far and wide. The daughters of some of them, by the way, are now attending their mother's Alma Mater.

One Friday morning our fifty girls skipped gleefully down the mountainside, then fell into line and marched sedately two by two, the re-



GRADUATES OF BITLIS SCHOOL, 1911

mainder of the three miles to the city, where, the next day, they washed and cleaned house and bathed, on Sunday listened to the baccalaureate sermon by one of the missionaries, and now on Wednesday, after two days of busy preparation and rehearsal, await our audience demurely, the gay ribbon fillets on their sleek little heads making their corner of the room look like a flower garden.

Space is limited, so the audience is limited too. Fathers and mothers

and a number of specially invited guests, about two hundred and fifty in all, are admitted by ticket at the gate, have their shoes, not their hats, checked by two schoolboys, are ushered to their seats by the teachers of the boys' school, resplendent in frock coats and high, stiff, shining collars, and look about them in wonder and admiration. .

It is a pleasant sight, this large and lofty and sunny schoolroom of ours, with its real desks, board floor, rugs, maps, books, organs, its many pictures on whitewashed walls, its red-curtained windows filled with green growing things. Those of our audience who have never been outside of the province have not seen anything remotely like it in all their lives before. To-day there are vases of flowers about, and the American and Turkish flags droop over the picture of our President.

The members of the graduating class look quite self-possessed and very nice in their simply made dresses of blue merino, their white embroidered ties, and the white veils that cover their heads but not their faces. Three of them were orphaned by the massacres and have been reared by the missionaries, so the class motto, "Saved to Serve," is an especially appropriate one.

One of these orphans has a voice like a woodthrush, and as she thrills her hearers by her sweet rendering of a lovely and pathetic song, we mentally contrast her with what she would have been, a ragged, unkempt, depraved beggar on the streets, had she not indeed been "saved to serve."

The valedictorian, whose name is "Dove," is the daughter of a man of wealth and influence in a distant village. She will there be the only woman of any education within a radius of many miles. So when the Gregorian bishop, winding up his long speech at the close of the exercises with a play on each of the girls' names, says he hopes that as Noah's dove bore back the olive branch to the ark, she will carry peace and light to her home and people, we all within our hearts say "Amen." And she will, we know she will, for she recently told one of her teachers she was taking with her from school that which she could not purchase even by the laying down of her life.

Commencements are few and far between, as I have said, so we make the most of them; and as the only intellectual and aesthetic entertainment the people of Bitlis ever enjoy is that provided by the mission schools; and as only on such occasions may proud parents hear their children "speak in public on the stage," the program is long and there are many participants.

The seniors read essays: "Religion in Art," "The Two Golden

Doors—Memory and Hope,” “Against the Stream,” “Woman and Education” (this in Turkish), “Saved to Serve.” There is a dialogue between Autumn and the Poet, four recitations, and twelve musical numbers including two instrumental pieces and songs in English, Turkish and Armenian. Besides their class song the seniors sing a farewell song, and the school sings a farewell to them.

The acting *vali* presents the diplomas and speaks at some length on the education of women. It is the first time the *vali* has been present on such an occasion, and the first time Turkish officials have attended, not as spies and censors, but in a friendly, appreciative spirit.

There are two other addresses and our pastor, who has acted as master of ceremonies, thanks all present for their courteous attention. Then—every blessed individual in the audience comes up to shake hands with the graduates and with us, and to congratulate us!

MISSIONARY ITEMS

THE LEPERS' LOVE.—“We were much touched the other day,” writes Mr. Hockett again, “by receiving a letter from the Leper Christians on our settlement at Ambohimandroso. It was addressed to the churches and contained a collection for the Self-support Fund which is practically helping the Society. The matter was arranged by their requesting us to deduct from their allowances for food the amount they desired to give to this object. The letter expressed their wish to take some part in the financial burdens pressing on their friends outside, and is most impressive from the fact that they are all destitute, and supported by charity and what they can grow on the grounds. Yet they denied themselves in this way to help. When destitute lepers feel the burden and desire to share in bearing it, how much more should those who are in more favorable circumstances! As a native Christian said: ‘This action of the lepers makes us feel ashamed of ourselves and is a rebuke to our selfishness.’”—*The Chronicle*.

I CANNOT speak of the native teachers in detail—there is quite a staff of them; but I do want to mention Araxia Joliejian, who teaches the Bible—a Gregorian of strong evangelical views and life—a truly wonderful woman, who will have great power some day. Her work in Bible is superb for its intellectual quality as well as for its spiritual power. She says to her pupils, “I shall not be satisfied until I see my lessons in your life.” I sought a special interview with her and looked into her course of study, reading, ex-

aminations, questions, etc. I wish some of our American young people could see what these Armenian college girls are doing in that line. Her examination on Hosea was first-class work.—*Dr. Cornelius H. Patton in Mission Studies.*

BUDDHIST PRIEST BAPTIZED.—Among those recently baptized at Shimo-Shibuya, a suburb of Tokyo, Japan, was a Buddhist priest and his family. He belonged to one of the largest temples in Kyoto, and all his relatives are of priestly families. When he announced his decision to become a Christian, they expostulated strongly and at first he wavered. Then his little child became very ill, but in answer to the prayers of some of the Christians was wonderfully healed, and this thoroughly confirmed his faith and he wrote to his people, announcing his final decision. They wrote in reply, excommunicating him from temple and family. After the service one morning he related his religious experiences, confessed how he had wavered and spoke of his repentance and his present firm decision. Then he produced the letter he had received the day before from the head of his clan, excommunicating him, and read it to the congregation, who heard it with much joy and thanksgiving. Of course, he loses all financial support from the temple.—*Rev. W. P. Buncombe.*



FRIDAY MEETINGS IN PILGRIM HALL

The meetings of the Woman's Board held each Friday morning at eleven o'clock from October till June, have had several very interesting missionary speakers during the last few months. October 13th the hour was given to a Commission Service for Miss Delpha Davis and Miss Edith Douglass, both about to sail for the European Turkey Mission. Dr. E. E. Strong conducted the service and presented the Commissions for the American Board.

The last Friday in October, the second chapter of the text-book, "Buddhism," was presented by the Rev. Enoch Bell, formerly of Japan. November 24th the third chapter, "Animism, Confucianism and Taoism," was made attractive by Mrs. Chauncey J. Hawkins of Jamaica Plain. Among the missionaries who have spoken at one or more meetings are

Miss Mary T. Noyes of Madura, Miss Ellen M. Blakeley of Marash, Miss Frances Parmelee of Matsuyama, and Mrs. Etta D. Marden of Constantinople.

Recent news from the mission fields and reports of great missionary gatherings have also been features of the hour. A very helpful Christmas service, though unfortunately with a small attendance, was led by Mrs. Lucia Witherby Greeley, December 22d.

WAYS OF WORKING

I have been to many conventions and conferences. I have heard many people make many plans. I have heard many plans reported.

But always, through them all, over and over in my mind, like the ringing of a silver bell, I hear these words, "Hand-picked fruit is best. Hand-picked fruit is best."

I do not remember who said them, but it was long ago at one of my first conventions. I have never heard any wholesale plan that at all dislodged them from their place in my mind. The woman you go to and win personally, or take notice of and hold personally, the subscription you take time to talk up and work up and keep "talked up," is the one that will bring the best results.

Organize a committee if necessary, but give each woman this motto. Tell her, too, that it is her gift to the Master—her personal influence that she will be happier over forever than a whole cartload of circular letters.

I wonder, after all, if to-day, in glory, down in the bottom of Andrew's heart, the finding of his own brother, Peter, and of Philip, does not seem a greater gift to the Master he worshiped than the sufferings of his martyrdom?—*Lutheran Woman's Work.*

SUGGESTED PROGRAMS FOR THE SEASON 1911-12

The general program-scheme providing for eight meetings, based upon the text-book, *The Light of the World*, appeared in our August issue. The complete set of programs is now published in leaflet form and can be obtained from our rooms at five cents a copy.

PROGRAM VII

TOPIC: Asia's Own Opinion. Testimony from Facts and Experience.

Material: Text-book, *The Light of the World*, chap. v. *Western Women in Eastern Lands* (Jubilee text-book), chap. v, on *The New Woman of the Orient*. Vols. I and IV of *The World Mis-*

sionary Conference. Kim Lu Bang—Korean Sketches, Wagner (Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.). *Pandita Ramabai*, Dyer (Revell). Current missionary incidents of converts on the mission field.

Aim: To present this and the following program as the two parts in a trial by jury as to whether Christ is the Light of the World. In this meeting testimony is the prominent feature, given by those best qualified to speak, viz. ; men and women who have passed out of the sway of the old-world religions into Christianity. This presupposes former programs which have set forth the old-world religions.

Following this program will come the final word of appeal from these religions, also from Christianity, the verdict of the jury and decision of the judge.

Preparation: Appoint a jury at this meeting, of three, Reason, Experience and Faith, introducing them. Their part is to listen to the evidence for report at the next meeting.

As there are no women witnesses in Mr. Speer's book, chap. v, we give some special references concerning such and suggest the appropriateness of adding woman's testimony in this program.

IN THE MEETING

- I. The leader of the meeting, acting as judge, will propose, in the beginning, the following questions which summarize those on p. 245 of the text-book to which the witnesses are to speak, viz. :—
 1. What are the essential differences between Christianity and the non-Christian religions?

Please note that questions 1, 2, 5, 8 on p. 245 of the text-book are combined in preparing answer.

2. How should Christianity be presented to the non-Christian peoples?

Please note that questions 3, 4, 6, 9 on p. 245 of the text-book are combined in preparing answer.

3. How far has Christianity as yet actually touched the life and thought of any Asiatic land?

The jury will be appointed and introduced.

- II. Five competent witnesses are presented in turn.

[Break their testimony with a hymn.]

Mr. Kozaki (Japan) speaks three minutes on question 1. Professor Siraj ud Din (India) upon same, three minutes. Mr. Tsen (China), question 2, three minutes. President Ibuka (Japan), question 3,

three minutes. Pandita Ramabai (India), question 3, as it bears upon woman, five minutes.

Read all the testimony in the text-book and include some from others in these persons' opinions.

III. A reading of a poem, a selection from current literature or an appropriate missionary message may give relief to the thought of the evidence. See LIFE AND LIGHT for January and February.

In closing give special notice of the next meeting which completes this.

M. L. D.

BOOK NOTICES

William Scott Ament. By Henry D. Porter, M.D., D.D. Published by Revell Company. Pp. 369. Price \$1.50.

For thirty-six years Dr. Ament was a missionary of the American Board in China. He studied theology at Andover and in the same class were Dr. J. P. Jones of India and President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University.

Dr. Porter has the sympathetic insight of a co-worker. He had a noble life to portray and the literary skill to bring the stirring events of that life before the reader with vividness. Once more China is at the front and the eyes of the world are fixed on the giant empire rousing from the sleep of centuries.

Dr. William Ashmore, the Baptist missionary to China, once said that the words of the Prayer Book applied to that conservative country: "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." But since China's war with Japan, since the Boxer outbreak, since the heroic attempt to stamp out the traffic in opium, and especially now since the Manchu dynasty seems about to be overthrown no one can accuse China of undue somnolence.

Dr. Porter allows Dr. Ament to tell his own story as far as possible. At least one hundred pages of the book are devoted to Dr. Ament's letters to home friends. His mother, ninety years old, died only a few months before her son. During the Boxer troubles his wife was in America, and although their interchange of letters was suspended for two months during the siege yet the story of that siege is told by Dr. Ament himself. Dr. Porter gives six chapters to these tragic events in missionary annals, and he does not omit the cruel criticisms which those brave missionaries had to meet from the omniscient press at home. When the newspaper editors and reporters saw their mistake they made the *amende honorable*.

Mark Twain, in spite of overwhelming evidence, never retracted a word of his false charge. That Dr. Ament felt this keenly to his dying day is proved by Dr. Barton's article in the Appendix. In spite of all proof to the contrary Dr. Ament's feeling was, "Will the truth ever catch up with the charge?" But he had the approval of his own conscience in all that he did at that critical time, the endorsement of Minister Conger and other foreign officials and the unbounded gratitude of the poor smitten Chinese whose necessities he had relieved.

Although pre-eminently a man of action and prompt initiative, as evidenced at the time of the Boxer outbreak, he was also a scholar. One of his associates says, "Dr. Ament's greatest talent was the power of prayer. To him prayer was the act, almost an art, in which all of life culminated." Another says, "Dr. Ament stood among the few who had such mastery of the Chinese language that he made it a living medium of great thoughts and noble feelings." The last important service he did the mission was at the Shanghai Conference in 1907 when, as Chairman of the Comity and Federation Committee he presented a paper on that subject.

In less than two years "the Angel Death," like an armor bearer, unclasped the harness of the weary warrior, who had so long been as he often said "upon the fire line."

Pictures of Dr. Ament from boyhood to manhood show that his noble soul was well lodged in the earthly tabernacle. The mottoes that preface the chapters are admirably chosen. If only a clue to the pronunciation of Chinese people and towns might have been given to the Occidental reader the biographer would have earned the gratitude of that perplexed individual.

The Happiest Girl in Korea. By Minerva L. Guthepfel. Published by Revell Company. Pp. 106. Price 60 cents.

As several of these unusually bright, attractive sketches of Korean child life originally appeared in the magazines representing the Methodist women's foreign missionary work we infer that the writer of them is a missionary worker of this denomination. Two of the stories appeared in *Everyland*.

The book is dedicated to the children of missionaries who "when mother seems dearest and father seems nearest" have to journey to the homeland for their education. While all these stories are worth reading even by those who are long past childhood yet "The Happiest Girl in Korea" and "Only a Prince of Korea" are particularly charming. At the Advent season effective use might be made of "Only a Prince" who "never had a Jesus Birthday," in showing Sabbath-school children the difference between their condition and those born in non-Christian lands.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

CHINA.—“The Chinese Revolution and Missions” and “Observations in China,” *Missionary Review*, January. “Will China Break Up?” *Nineteenth Century*, December. “The Chinese Student in America,” *North American Review*, January. “China, a Republic,” *Fortnightly Review*, December. “Hope of China’s Future,” *Contemporary Review*, December.

JAPAN.—“A Japanese View of Missions in Japan,” *Missionary Review*, January. “Journalism in Japan,” *Independent*, December 28th.

INDIA.—“The King’s Tour in India,” *Nineteenth Century*, December.

TURKEY.—“Difficulties of the Young Turk Party,” *North American Review*, January.

AFRICA.—“What Missions are Doing in West Africa,” *Missionary Review*, January. “The New Latin Africa,” *Independent*, December 28th. “France and Her Congo,” *Contemporary Review*, December.

THE ISLANDS.—“Human Nature in Hawaii,” *American Magazine*, January.

The January *Missionary Review* gives a review of the year under the title, “Missionary Assets and Liabilities in 1911.” It also has two articles on missionary union, “Is Unity Possible To-day in Missionary Work” and “Practical Methods for Missionary Co-operation.” *The Nineteenth Century* for December throws some light on the United Study Course for the year in an article, “Europe and the Mohammedan World.”

F. V. E.

WOMAN’S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from November 18 to December 18, 1911

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

| FRIEND, | | 1 00 | LEGACY. | |
|---|--|--------|--|--|
| MAINE. | | | York.—Olive Fernald, by J. Horace Blaisdell, Admr., 300 00 | |
| <i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, Hammond St. Ch., Stearns Cir. of King’s Dau., 5; Bar Harbor, Woman’s Miss. Soc., C. R., 12.25; Lincoln, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.10; Madison, Cong’l Ch., Friend, 5, | | 23 35 | NEW HAMPSHIRE. | |
| <i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Auburn, High St. Ch., M. B., 25; Bath, Winter St. Ch., Aux., 64.50; Bethel, Aux., 5.65; Cape Elizabeth, Spurwink Ch., Aux., 12; Harrison, Aux., 7.20; Portland, State St. Ch., Aux., 64.23; Wilton, Aux., 7, | | 185 58 | <i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Exeter, Aux., 61.40; Hampstead, Aux., 11; Keene, First Ch., Aux., 45; Lyme, Aux., 15; Salem, Aux., 5. Less expenses, 36.40, 101 00 | |
| Total, | | 208 93 | VERMONT. | |
| | | | <i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 19, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 5; Brattleboro, Friend, 5; Castleton, Aux. (Th. Off., 17), 20.25; Chelsea, Ladies’ Benev. Soc., | |

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| Th. Off., 20, C. E. Soc., 10; Cornwall, Aux., Th. Off., 13.75; Dorset, Aux. (Th. Off., 15.50), 56.35; Glover, West, Aux. (Th. Off., 6.60), 10.85; Hardwick, East, Aux., Th. Off. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. J. C. Stafford), 13.85; Jericho Corners, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 7.50; Ludlow, Aux., Th. Off., 21.15; Middlebury, Ladies' Assoc., 28; Morrisville, Aux., Th. Off., 21; Newport, Aux. (Th. Off., 50), 54; Peacham, Aux., 15; Rochester, Aux., Th. Off., 10.80; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 50.55; Union Village, Frances A. Lord, 40 cts.; Westminster West, Aux., Th. Off., 5.35, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Wilmington, C. E. Soc., 10.50; Windsor, Aux., Th. Off., 10; Woodstock, C. E. Soc., 1. <i>Jubilee</i> , Burlington, College St. Ch., Aux., 3, | 417 30 |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | |
| <i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence, Andover, Abbot Acad., 23.57, Seminary Ch., Aux., 10, South Ch., Aux., 88.65; Lawrence, Trinity Ch., S. S., 20, Prim. Dept., 5; Lowell, Eliot Ch., Miss Russell, 5, Kirk St. Ch., Aux., 6; Pawtucket, Ch., Aux., 5; Malden, First Ch., Aux., 10; Maplewood, Ch., Aux., 21.75; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux., 5; Woburn, Aux., 25, | 224 97 |
| <i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Off. at Semi-ann. Meet., 41.70; Dalton, S. S., Home Dept., 25; Hinsdale, Aux., 27.56; Housatonic, Aux., 26.20; Lee, Senior Aux., Friend, 50; Lenox, Aux., 42.36; Monterey, Aux., 30; New Marlboro, 1; North Adams, Haystack M. B., 10; Richmond, Aux., 41.65; Stockbridge, Aux., 7.85; Williamstown, Aux., 349.70. Less expenses, 18.06, | 634 96 |
| <i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., 16 Salem St., Bradford <i>Jubilee</i> , Friends, | 2 00 |
| <i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Salem, Tabernacle Ch., | 1 00 |
| <i>Franklin County Branch.</i> —Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 5; Montague, Aux., 9.25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Northfield, Aux., 13.30, C. R. and Mothers, 15.09; Orange, Aux., 54.65; Shelburne, Aux., 38.74; Sunderland, Aux., 2, | 140 03 |
| <i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kueiland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Aux., Th. Off., 33; Amherst, South, Aux., 30; Cummington, Ch., 6.22; Hatfield, Wide Awakes M. B., 10.90; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 2.25, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 150. <i>Jubilee</i> , Miss Mina Wood, 5, | 237 37 |
| <i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Framingham, Dau. of Cov., 10; Natick, Aux., Th. Off., 52.28; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 200. <i>Jubilee</i> , Gifts, 32, | 294 28 |
| <i>Newtonville.</i> —Mrs. D. Brewer Eddy, | 200 00 |
| <i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton. Easton, Aux., Th. Off. (25 of wh. from Mrs. Mary Dean Howard to const. L. M. | |
| Miss Nellie Dean Kennedy), 30, Hingham Centre, Aux. (Th. Off., 38.50) (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Abbie L. Downing), 40 50; Holbrook, Aux., Th. Off. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Mary V. Jordan), 87; Quincy, S. S., 32; Randolph, Aux., 25; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 18), 27.77, Union Ch., Aux., Th. Off. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Albert V. House), 41.15, | 283 42 |
| <i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Ashby, Woman's Union (Th. Off., 23), | 33 00 |
| <i>Orleans.</i> —C. E. Soc., | 10 00 |
| <i>South Hadley.</i> —Mt. Holyoke College, Y. W. C. A., | 95 00 |
| <i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 9.25; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 22.75, Second Ch., Aux., 25; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 40, | 97 00 |
| <i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 41 Garden St., Cambridge. Allston, Aux., 40.06; Auburndale, Aux., 40; Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 37.45, Old South Ch., Aux. 28.40, Park St. Ch., Woman's Guild (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Elizabeth J. Ford), 30, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 24; Brighton, Aux. (C. R., 4), 136.32, Pro Christo Club, 30; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Aux., 90; Beacon Lights, 13.48; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 23.25, Prospect St. Ch., Woman's Guild, 39; Chelsea, Central Ch., C. R., 5; Dedham, Chicatawbut Club, 25; Foxboro, Aux., 2, Cheerful Workers, 5; Hyde Park, Aux. (C. R., 6.84), 74.84; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., C. R., 7.85; Newton, Eliot Ch., Helpers, 10; Newton Centre, First Ch., Aux., 150; Newton Highlands, Aux., 24.44; Norwood, First Ch., C. R., 10; Roxbury, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept. (add'l Th. Off., 4.25), 39.25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Norwegian Ch. of Boston, 5; Roxbury, West, South Evangelical Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 8; Somerville, Broadway Ch., 5; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 32.50. <i>Jubilee</i> , Auburndale, Mrs. Joseph Cook, 15; Boston, Park St. Ch., Woman's Guild (to const. L. M. Miss Susan E. Stratton), 25; Newton, Mrs. Wolcott Calkins, 20; Newton Centre, Mrs. F. H. Butts, 10, | 1,010 84 |
| <i>Wellesley.</i> —Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., | 160 00 |
| <i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 12 Clearview Ave., Worcester. Gilbertville, Aux., 52.65; Shrewsbury, C. E. Soc. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Miss Ruth G. Holland), | 52 65 |
| Total, | 3,476 52 |
| LEGACY. | |
| <i>Cambridge.</i> —Miss Susan K. Sparrow, by Arthur M. Goodridge, Albert W. Sparrow, Extrs., | 150 00 |
| RHODE ISLAND. | |
| <i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Chepachet, C. E. Soc., 15; Little Compton, C. E. Soc., 5; Providence, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 38. <i>Jubilee</i> , Providence, Miss Mary C. Smith, 5, | 63 00 |
| CONNECTICUT. | |
| <i>Eastern Connecticut Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., | |

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| New London. Chaplin, C. E. Soc., 2; Danielson, Aux. (Th. Off., 15.28), 16.70; Jewett City, Aux., Th. Off., 5.35; New London, First Ch., Aux., (Th. Off., 10.80), 22.70, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 157.29, Norwich, Miss M. A. Morgan, 2.40, Park Ch., Aux., add'l Th. Off., 2; Pomfret, Searchlight Miss. Club, 2; Putnam, Aux. (Th. Off., 54.50), 56.50; Stonington, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 13.50; Windham, Aux., Th. Off., 10; Woodstock, Aux., Th. Off., 40, | 330 44 |
| <i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford, Friends, 56.66; Berlin, Aux., 91.20; Bristol, Aux., 48.70; Hartford, Farmington Ave., Ch., Aux. (50 of wh. by Mrs. Charles R. Burt to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Frederick J. Bliss, Mrs. Edward J. Pearson, 25 of wh. by Mrs. Bradford Scott to const. L. M. Miss Bessie M. Eddy), 234.75, M. B., 5, First Ch., Aux., 270.40, S. S., 21.08; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 37.75; South Manchester, Aux., 12; Tolland, Aux., 10.65, | 788 19 |
| <i>Mc. Carmel.</i> —Friend, | 50 00 |
| <i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friend, 102.46; Friend, 10; Bethel, Aux., 7.86; Bridgeport, First Ch., Aux., 253.50; Brookfield Center, Aux., 13.60; Centerbrook, Aux., 12.70; Colebrook, Aux., 42.90; Cornwall, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; Fairfield County Meet., Th. Off., 24.62; Guilford, Aux., 100; Haddam, C. E. Soc., 5; Higganum, Aux., 22; Ivoryton, Aux., 5; Madison, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Miss Mary J. Bishop, Mrs. Augusta Farnellee, Mrs. Ida W. Sawyer, Mrs. Ida C. Wilcox); Meriden, Center Ch., Aux., 70, First Ch., Aux. (250 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. C. W. Brooks, Mrs. J. L. Dagleish, Mrs. Jeanette Eggleston, Mrs. Agnes A. Gardner, Miss Grace Lane, Mrs. Judson Meigs, Miss Beulah Pinks, Miss Vera Pinks, Miss Annie Rust, Mrs. W. G. Snow), 380; Middlebury, Aux., 36; Middlefield, C. E. Soc., 9.21; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. from Mrs. J. H. Bruce to const. L. M. Miss Mary Hubbard Paulding, 25 of wh. from Friend to const. L. M. Miss Georgiana Minor), 77.96; Milford, Plymouth Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Herbert J. Mathewson); Morris, Aux., 18; Naugatuck, Aux., 35; New Haven, Center Ch., Aux., 54.25, Ch. of Redeemer, Aux., 100.70, City Mission Mothers, Aux., 10, Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 37.05, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 25.38; Newtown, Aux., 23.75; North Greenwich, Aux., 5; North Haven, Aux., 50; North Madison, Aux., 8.36; Norwalk, Aux., 25; Portland, Aux., 10; Ridgefield, Aux., 13; Salisbury, Aux., 63.86; Seymour, Dau. of Cov., 3; Sharon, C. E. Soc., 20; Shelton, S. S. Cl., Light Bearers, 4; Stamford, Aux., 21.48; Stratford, Aux., 23; Watertown, Aux., 17.25; Westbrook, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. George D. E. Post), Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 53.79, Second Ch., Aux., 52.22, Golden Chain, 5, | 1,866 90 |
| <i>Norwich Town.</i> —Mrs. Wallace S. Allis, | 5 00 |
| Total, | 3,040 53 |

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| LEGACY. | |
| <i>Durham.</i> —Mrs. Selina B. Foote, through Treasurer of New Haven Branch, | 475 00 |

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| NEW YORK. | |
| <i>Brooklyn.</i> —Miss Josephine L. Roberts, | 6 00 |
| <i>Katonah.</i> —Miss Helena L. Todd, | 4 40 |
| Total, | 10 40 |

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| PHILADELPHIA BRANCH. | |
| <i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Inter. C. E. Soc., 5; N. J., Chatham, Stanley Ch., Aux., 9.50; Montclair, Louise Wheeler Fund, 500; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 2.75; Upper Montclair, Aux., 75, S. S., 10; Pa., Germantown, C. E. Soc., 1; Glenoldin, Women's Soc., 8, Girls' Guild, 1; Kane, Aux., 12; Philadelphia, Central Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Elizabeth Pessano), Y. L. Soc., 5, Pearl Seekers, 5, Snow Flakes, 5; Pittston, Little Gleaners, 2; Scranton, Plymouth Ch., Dau. of Cov., 5; Williamsport, First Ch., Aux., 24.40, C. E. Soc., 3, | 693 65 |

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| VIRGINIA. | |
| <i>Fairfield.</i> —Thomas Cecil, John Bolling and Daniel Howe Kemp, | 3 00 |

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| WEST VIRGINIA. | |
| <i>Vivian.</i> —Master Tommie Patterson, | 3 00 |

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| NORTH CAROLINA. | |
| <i>Southern Pines.</i> —Ladies' Aid Soc., | 15 00 |

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| TEXAS. | |
| <i>Dallas.</i> —Central Ch., Ladies' Miss. Soc., | 10 00 |

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| MINNESOTA. | |
| <i>Minneapolis.</i> —Miss H. M. Griffith, | 3 00 |
| <i>St. Paul.</i> —Miss Alice E. Andrews, | 3 00 |
| Total, | 6 00 |

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| TURKEY. | |
| <i>Nigdeh.</i> —Women's Gift, | 6 75 |

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| Donations, | \$7,217 42 |
| Buildings, | 122 00 |
| Work of 1912, | 333 00 |
| Specials, | 383 66 |
| Legacies, | 925 00 |
| Total, | \$8,981 08 |

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1911 TO DEC. 18, 1911.

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| Donations, | \$11,637 40 |
| Buildings, | 914 39 |
| Work of 1912, | 3,965 34 |
| Specials, | 548 61 |
| Legacies, | 1,435 00 |
| Total, | \$18,500 74 |

RETIRED MISSIONARY ALLOWANCE FUND.

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| Received from the estate of Mary Bryant Daniels, late of Osaka, Japan, through the Treasurer of Hampshire County Branch, | 1,000 00 |
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Board of the Pacific

President.

MRS. R. B. CHERINGTON,
Porterville, Cal.

Foreign Secretary and Editor.

MRS. E. R. WAGNER,
San Jose, Cal.

Treasurer.

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER,
770 Kingston Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

I planned to get away about this time, but the excited condition of the people and the real need of aid has detained me. We have a society *Leaving Peking* inaugurated by the Chinese ladies, but with Miss Miner now at its head, striving to prepare for and provide protection for women and children in case of disorder or a siege. Last week and early this week we could hardly keep up with its work, but the last day or two there has been a lull, and while it gives time, I want to send you a brief reply. . . . When I shall start home I do not know. If Peking is to be in distress, I want to aid here. I know you pray for us. A wonderful opportunity is ours at this time. Rich and poor, high and low turn to us for help, and instead of being hated and assailed as in 1900, we are counted friends by all parties. It is indeed a marvelous change.

MARY H. PORTER,
Peking, China.

A church member living six miles from the city came begging that medical help be sent to his daughter whom he considered at the point of death. Her illness was such that simple treatment gave prompt relief. A few days later two carts brought eleven patients from that village, and others have been coming ever since. Unfortunately a large proportion of the people are in advanced stages of tuberculosis, or with some equally serious ailment for which little or nothing can be done. One recent out-patient was a little neighbor boy, the only son of his old father. His eighty-year-old grandmother often comes to church carrying a tiny granddaughter inside her garment. There was almost nothing that could be done for the little boy, but the family always welcomed the doctor gladly, and was pleased to have her talk to them. One day she asked them what prayer was. They said, "Oh, we do not know how to pray, but grandma does. She prays just the way you do. She says, 'Great Heavenly Father make Precious Completion well,

if it can be, and if not, take him to heaven where he will not be cold or sick or hungry any more.' ”

Patients with carcinoma and sarcoma have seemed more numerous than last year. Some are most pitiful. One is an old man who begs with importunity that we amputate his leg, and says, “I will not leave this room until it is done.” A woman who has suffered intensely for months says, “Can’t you operate? If I should die it would not matter. I am worse than dead now.” Then there was the woman with sarcoma of the thigh upon whom we operated two years ago. She recently returned so ill that no operation seemed advisable. When she and her son came to pay their respects before going home, the young man said, “Though my mother cannot be cured, her coming to the hospital has not been in vain. She has more than a year and a half added to her life. And during most of the months has been free from pain. Then she has learned to pray and to read a little. Think how much broader her life is than before she came.” Then as they were questioned, they spoke more of the prayers they had learned, and the truths she had learned. We often long to do more for our patients than is possible, but that which is possible, physical and spiritual, is very well worth while.

DR. SUSAN B. TALLMON,
Lintsing, China.

ARRIVING IN KYOTO

BY ANNA L. HILL

Miss Hill, who gave timely help at the Plum Blossom School in Osaka in 1910, has now returned to Japan under the W. B. M. P. and is teaching in the Doshisha Girls' School.

Well, here I am safe and sound in Kyoto, and beginning my work. I arrived last Saturday evening and was met at the gate of the Doshisha by the girls who were anxious to see the new teacher, and who had been anxiously waiting for several days; for the good ship Minnesota was delayed in Yokohama Harbor for some time owing to a prolonged strike among the Chinese stokers who were finally persuaded to return.

The voyage across the Pacific was rather rough and stormy nearly all the way, fierce head winds and heavy seas; but as the boat was heavily loaded, there was little motion that disturbed me as I am a good sailor; but my poor roommate was quite ill for a week. However I was delighted one dark night to see the friendly beams of a lighthouse, which winked and blinked and threw the shaft of light right out into the inky blackness.

Then we knew that Yokohama Harbor was only seventy miles away. But the good ship slowed down and proceeded very carefully, for it was not far away that the *Empress of China* went on the rocks only a few weeks ago.

In the morning after we had anchored in the bay and the quarantine officers, polite little Japanese doctors, had inspected all the passengers and crew, the mail was brought on board, and behold! there were many, many letters for me; letters of welcome and greeting from the members of the mission, from the girls and from friends. Of course I was delighted to have such a warm welcome, and eagerly read the kind messages. It was pouring outside, and the harbor and distant port were covered with a gray mist; but the passengers were so glad to see land once again that they filled almost to overflowing the little launch which came out to greet the big ship and to convey its passengers to the shore. We were two days late, for we had encountered so much rough weather, narrowly escaping two severe typhoons, so we supposed our stay in Yokohama would be limited, and so it would have been if it had not been for the strike.

The weather here in Kyoto is cool and pleasant now after the torrid heat of the past summer; but many of the missionaries look pale and thin and worn. Dear Miss Denton seemed rejoiced to see me and gave me a warm welcome. The new building has been begun and is progressing, but Miss Denton will not leave for her long delayed furlough until she is sure everything is all right and in a fair way to be satisfactory. I am so glad to be here to help relieve her, for there is an enormous amount to be done, and every one is as busy as a bee. Miss Denton is living in very cramped quarters in about two rooms that are not comfortable, but she wishes to be right in sight of the new building to oversee it. There was no room for me there, so I am for the present with Dr. and Mrs. Cary who live not very far away.

There are so many girls who want music this year I am going to help Miss DeForest. There does not seem to be one good organ in the school; all are old and almost worn out. Most of the girls wish lessons on the organ,—only a few prefer the piano. All want singing lessons. I shall begin a Bible class for the seniors on next Sunday afternoon and expect thoroughly to enjoy it. At morning prayers a few days ago, I said a few words to the girls who were quietly seated on the straw mats while I stood. They were very appreciative and sweet and bowed very low, almost to the floor when I was through.

As I look out through my open window to the distant mountains behind which lies the broad Pacific, lies between me and all my loved ones so far away in America, my thoughts go intuitively to all the good and loyal women of the W. B. M. P. How kind and loving they were to me while I was in America last summer. I am only their representative here, I am in the forefront of the battle, right on the firing line, so I feel that I must have their prayers and interest to uphold me, and to help me to bring to these Japanese girls the knowledge of the love and of the saving power of our Lord. Do pray for me every day that He may use me to do his will in every way.

“If we refuse to be corns of wheat falling into the ground and dying, if we will neither sacrifice prospects nor risk character and property and health, nor, when we are called upon, relinquish home and break family ties for Christ’s sake and His gospel, then we shall abide alone.”

WOMAN’S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for November, 1911.

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER, Treasurer, 770 Kingston Ave., Oakland, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.

Northern California Branch.—Mrs. E. V. Krick, Treas., 2710 Devisadero St., San Francisco. Benecia, 3; Berkeley, South, 15; Ceres, 15; Campbell, 8.75; Oakland, First, 50, First. Special for hospital work Harpoot, Turkey, from Mrs. S. T. Fisher, 5, Plymouth, S. S. Primary Dept., 2.32; San Francisco, Plymouth, 25.50; San José, 125; Sunnyvale, Y. P. S. C. E., 10.56,
260 13
Balance, November 1st, 14 67
Expenses, 1 00
Balance, December 1st, 6 48

Southern California Branch.—Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Treas., 56 Worcester Ave., Pasadena. Corona, W. S., 60; Los Angeles, East Ch., W. S., 25, First Ch., S. S., J. O. C. Cl., 25, Park Ch., W. S., 24.00, Plymouth, W. S., 20; Long Beach, W. S., 18; National City, W. S., 25; Pasadena, First, W. S., 80; Redlands, W. S., 75. Cradle Roll, 8.72; Rialto, W. S., 10; Riverside, W. S., 36.10; San Diego, First, W. S., 27.50; Santa Barbara, W. S., 21; Saticoy, W. S., 20,
475 92

SPECIALS.

Claremont, W. S., Extra for Rev. W. N. Chambers, Adana, Turkey, for hospi-

tal furnishings, 15; Riverside, Personal Gift for Missy Hospital, Foochow, China, care Dr. Kinnear, 5, 20 00

OREGON.

Oregon Branch.—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 W. Park, Portland. Wilsonville, Aux., 18; Ashland, Aux., 20; Forest Grove, Aux., 20,
58 00

WASHINGTON.

Washington Branch.—Mary D. Smith, Treas. Anacortes, Mrs. A. Allan for Brousa Sch’p, 10; Everett, Thank Offering, W. M. S., 63.25; Seattle, Keystone W. M. S., 4.35; Spokane, Mrs. W. B. Porter, Special to Miss Wiley, 0; Sylvan, W. M. S., 5; Washougal, Home Miss. Soc., 2.88,
96 08

NEW MEXICO.

Mrs. M. A. Dry, Treas., 308 S. Broadway, Albuquerque. Albuquerque, Cong’l Ch., Ladies’ Miss. Soc., 16 00

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MISS WEBB'S SEMI-JUBILEE AT ADANA

BY W. NESBITT CHAMBERS

The "semi-Jubilee" for Miss Elizabeth S. Webb was fine. It was organized by the alumnae of the seminary and well carried out. Nothing could demonstrate in such striking way the fine work of Miss Webb and the benign influence exerted by her during the past twenty-five years on the women and girls with whom she came in contact. It was at the same time a great revelation to us of the far-reaching and beneficent influence of the Adana Seminary within, yes, and beyond the bounds of the Adana Station field.

That representatives of various communities—graduates of the seminary—should vie with each other in paying honor to Miss Webb was altogether most satisfying not to say inspiring, which indeed in a very real sense it was. Not only so, but the newly-consecrated Bishop of the Armenian Gregorian Community together with notables of that and other communities were present and with evident good will added their words of commendation and good will. It was a fine testimony, spontaneously given to a fine service spontaneously rendered and with fine success for the betterment of the women of the land. All honor to Miss Webb and her fellow laborers! All honor also to the women who have responded so well to the efforts put forth in their behalf.

Some of the speakers also paid high tribute to that splendid corps of

Christian women from America, who have exerted such a tremendous influence for good in Turkey and set the pace for Oriental womanhood. Once and again mention was made of Miss Shattuck, Miss Millenger, Miss Fraser, Miss Lambert and others as well as Miss Webb, and those present were exhorted to emulate such noble examples.

The following day after graduating exercises, amongst others, two Turkish officials spoke expressing their appreciation of the work done and being done by the seminary, giving voice to the hope that the school might continue and extend its great work and influence. Their words were most cordial and encouraging.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT ING-HOK

BY CAROLINE E. CHITTENDEN

School opened after the China New Year holiday, the last of February, with fifty girls enrolled during the spring term, our highest number so far. The teachers and matron of last year all remained, a great help, and saving of the strength that must go into adjustments with new workers. We had work in six grades, the older girls being in their final year of preparation for the girls' college at Ponasang. It was a great help to me personally, to have them in Bible, and realize now how they had developed from the little mites who began with us eight years ago. We used the new International Graded Series (of the intermediate grade) and I found it, even without the translation except the outlines I gave them, a method to which they responded. The maps they do well, being so quick with all brush work, and David's sons will mean more to us all after tracing his wanderings one year and studying the Psalms in their connections.

Easter will mean more too, for on Easter Sunday the two who were to be received then, our school cook and one of the graduating class, both lay very ill. The cook recovered, but Almond Flower, the first Sunday in May was at rest from the months of weariness and pain,—two weeks before dear Miss Pollock. And so the Easter lessons we had been having in school chapel exercises have a close personal meaning for the girls and all of us now.

This year marked also an advance in the social standing of the girls. Most of them come from substantial middle class families, but this was the first time we had received girls from families of official standing, six altogether, three from the city, and two from outlying places, both of the latter where there are no Christians. If we can meet the opportunity, our

school can practically be the girls' high school of the district, for government girls' schools will come slowly though a beginning has already been made. The oldest of these girls seemed especially responsive to the Truth. She is a sweet girl of twenty whom we hope to keep until she is ready another year to enter the girls' college at Ponasang, if her ambition can be realized.

In the wider work of the district there was the advance of the term, because for the first time the women and day-school children had a missionary to concentrate her thought, prayer and work on them. And the results were most encouraging especially considering that only half her time could be given after all, on account of remaining language study. This autumn with her required study finished, Miss Meebold, who has made a record for speed and skill in the language, will be free for the ideal touring weather of the autumn months. She is planning to spend some time at each of our twelve stations outside Ing-hok City, holding Bible classes and trying in every way to come in touch with the Christian women, the wives of members or inquirers; and the mothers of the day-school children. She will reach a wider circle of outsiders through them, but the great thing will be this getting in touch with our special constituency—less than one hundred Christian women in a district the size and population of Connecticut.

And then—at the end of the Chinese year we expect the next change will come in the station force, when our dear Miss Meebold will be claimed by a member of the Foochow City Station and thereafter her work will be outside of Ing-hok, although both she and Mr. Christian would be very glad to be located there, if it were best considering the work of the mission as a whole.

We are hoping to borrow Miss Deahl during her first year of language study, and trust the new worker already called for may come speedily.

A DAY OFF

BY EMMA C. REDICK, OCHILESO, AFRICA

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Woodside, Mrs. Stover and I went on an excursion to the various falls and interesting nooks near here along our little Krimi River. We took a look at the hot pond beyond which the vegetation is so tropical in places. We struggled through a swampy place and high grass to the nook where the maidenhair fern grows so luxuriantly. Clumps of it look as though they had been arranged purposely in a rockery.

We stood a long time in a ferny grove surrounded by tall wild date palms and another kind of tall tree many of them twined with vines of various kinds. These places never lose their charm and interest for us.

When we reached the lower falls we crossed to the other side. The water had already gone down considerably but I felt a little shaky as I crossed on the stones over the rapids with Mr. Woodside's help. Mrs. Woodside crossed the dangerous part in a tepoia and Mrs. Stover, afraid even of the tepoia, had the boys make a chair with their hands and crossed that way.

By the side of another series of falls or steps of the incrustations we sat in the shade and ate some oranges we had brought along. Then we returned on the same side, Mrs. Stover in the tepoia as she is not used to these tramps. The sun was pretty hot by that time.

A great many of the station men and boys have gone to the Interior to trade. A large caravan left Saturday with a crowd from Uhenge, one of our out-stations. They will be gone about two months.

One small company that went some time ago to the Kuanva to dig the rubber plant has already returned without a great deal to show for their month's work. Others went first to the oil district, two weeks away, and are taking or sending oil into the rubber country. The late caravan has taken several oxen which they will kill later on and cut up to sell for rubber. Cloth is the principal thing they use in trading but they can trade well with corn meal.

Rubber is a good price now and the whole country nearly is on the march to the rubber country. Sunday evening one of the men who had not left on Saturday with the others said he would go next day and overtake the others. He said if they went to the same district where he had been before, they would find the people glad to hear the "Words," and any way they would find people ready to listen to them when they read and explained.

He asked for the prayers of those who remained behind that the caravan might travel in harmony ready to listen to the elders, and that he who knew the language of the people to whom they were going might always be willing to read and to talk to the people when they were camped near the villages, no matter if he were tired, and that he might not be impatient with the other boys because they had not learned the language too. This last caravan takes away a number of the choir boys but there are still some who help with the singing and can sing something special if we want it. I am the organist now since Mrs. Neipp left, and it gives me an incentive to practice.

A VISIT FROM THE DEPUTATION

BY HELEN STOVER, BAILUNDU

Miss Stover, a trained nurse, joined the Mission in 1908

Early in August we welcomed the long looked for Deputation. It consisted of Dr. Patton, Home Secretary of the Board, and Mr. Bridgman of our Natal Mission. Father went to the coast to meet them and we gave them a grand welcome. An arch was built on the road in front of our houses. It was decorated with green leaves and flowers, our flags and the Portuguese flag. A crowd of natives went out to meet the company and start songs and cries, guns were fired and there was a general rejoicing. The day after their arrival the annual meeting was begun. On Sunday Dr. Patton preached a fine sermon from Colossians iii. 1. Father was interpreter. During the week sessions of the annual meeting were held thrice daily and much business was discussed and settled. One important thing was the asking for a doctor for this station. We hope he may soon be found. From here the Deputation went around to all the stations and such out-stations as they could reach easily.

They came back by the way of Epanda and were here again three days.

Both Dr. Patton and Mr. Bridgman spoke Wednesday evening. I had my final examination in Umbundu by interpreting for Mr. Bridgman. It is no easy job I find, and I was badly frightened. After the meeting they had the elders and gave them a plain talk. They—the elders—were very unresponsive and gave no evidence of any desire on their part to have things change. However, there are two elders—younger men—who want to do their duty in spite of the others. These three days since the talk they haven't been idle. If they can carry out their plans with God's help this station and church will be purged of the corrupt members and things will take a fresh start. We pray it may be so.



MISS STOVER AND LITTLE PATIENT

A new schoolhouse is being built and we hope to get into it before the school year is over. The term will soon commence.

The white traders have been giving trouble of late and several have been arrested. We also hear that there is to be no more whiskey sold in this province. If it is true God be praised indeed.

WORDS FROM OUR WORKERS

Miss Mary Webb writes from Adana, Turkey:—

This year I have been like the old woman who lived in a shoe, that had so many children she did not know what to do. Children everywhere and no escaping from them. No matter what happened they must be washed and fed and clothed and taken care of at night.

One little one made it her business to bring any of her companions that had an ache or pain. No sooner was I in my room than "Tack, tack," would come a knock at my door, and "Mariam has the ear ache" or tooth ache or some other ache. She seemed to think she was doing me a special favor in bringing them, and perhaps she was; for by the blessing of God, and taking things in time, there has been no serious sickness among them.

It has fallen to me to keep the household machinery going. Imagine one hundred people living in quarters where fifty is a crowd, not for one day, but week after week and month after month. Take for instance the bath. The water for the use of the whole family, more than one hundred people, was pulled up with rail and windlass from a well fifty feet deep. Why did we not have a pulley and two pails? The well was too narrow for the pails to pass. Just before school closed we had a force pump put into that well and now the water goes direct to the bath. So that difficulty is a thing of the past, I hope. The kitchen is fourteen feet square and the cooking for all of us, seven American and European ladies, the Seminary girls, and orphans, is done on a charcoal fireplace. Usually the food is good; but it takes planning to have the wheels within wheels not get clogged.

We eat in four separate dining rooms, and each room is full. The little orphans are content with a tablecloth spread on a straw mat on the floor of one of the storerooms. We long for the time when we will have the children with us in one large dining room. Scattered as they are, it is hard to keep proper order. This year everything about the place has been a makeshift, the putting of a square peg into a round hole. Next year things will

be easier. The peg has been whittled off and fitted in; and though it is rough carpentry, it holds water.

I have not spoken of my teaching. I have three recitations daily. Also I have the family accounts, the ordering of supplies, and the correspondence in regard to the orphans. This means their photographs and two letters a year from each of them to their patrons. It has taken all my spare time and often gone over into the night.

Miss Edna Lowrey writes from Kuliang, China:—

This year I am spending my vacation in a place new to me. It is a delightful change. The three preceding summers we have camped on a beautiful mountain in our own province. Here we are much more civilized, have cottages with furniture in them, not the finest to be sure, but all we need and plenty good enough. There are also bookstores, one grocery, tailor shops, several cobblers and an endless procession of pedlers, some of them with very tempting things for sale.

Then there are people here, and meetings and literary clubs, tennis, and even a drawing class which I have joined. Best of all in August Dr. White of New York conducted a Bible study conference.

When we go camping only twelve to sixteen or eighteen people go and we live in a very primitive fashion in tents or grass huts, our only furniture being camp beds and perhaps a stool or chair and a little stand made of boxes in which food was brought. Our Saratoga trunks are large native baskets covered both inside and out with oiled paper. The dining table has always been made by driving posts into the ground and laying boards across. Our clothes too are a joke. We depend on natural environment alone to supply the esthetic.

From what I have heard of conditions here the mission work must be ahead of that in and about Canton. There are three strong missions in Foochow and vicinity while with us there are many more Boards represented on the field, but their representatives are fewer, consequently the work is more scattered and fragmentary. A number of union institutions have been suggested. The union medical school is sure. A union theological school is talked of but from the looks of things now it will be a long time before all will consent to come in. A union girls' college has been thought of and a committee appointed to look into the matter but I doubt if one will materialize soon.

The people of this province do not smoke cigarettes, though public water pipes seem almost as common as the public drinking cup at home, perhaps

more so. In Canton men, women and children on every hand from the beggars to the richest, smoke cigarettes. So far as their own civilization is concerned the people here are behind the Cantonese. Some of their marriage customs and the women's hair dress is much more barbarous.

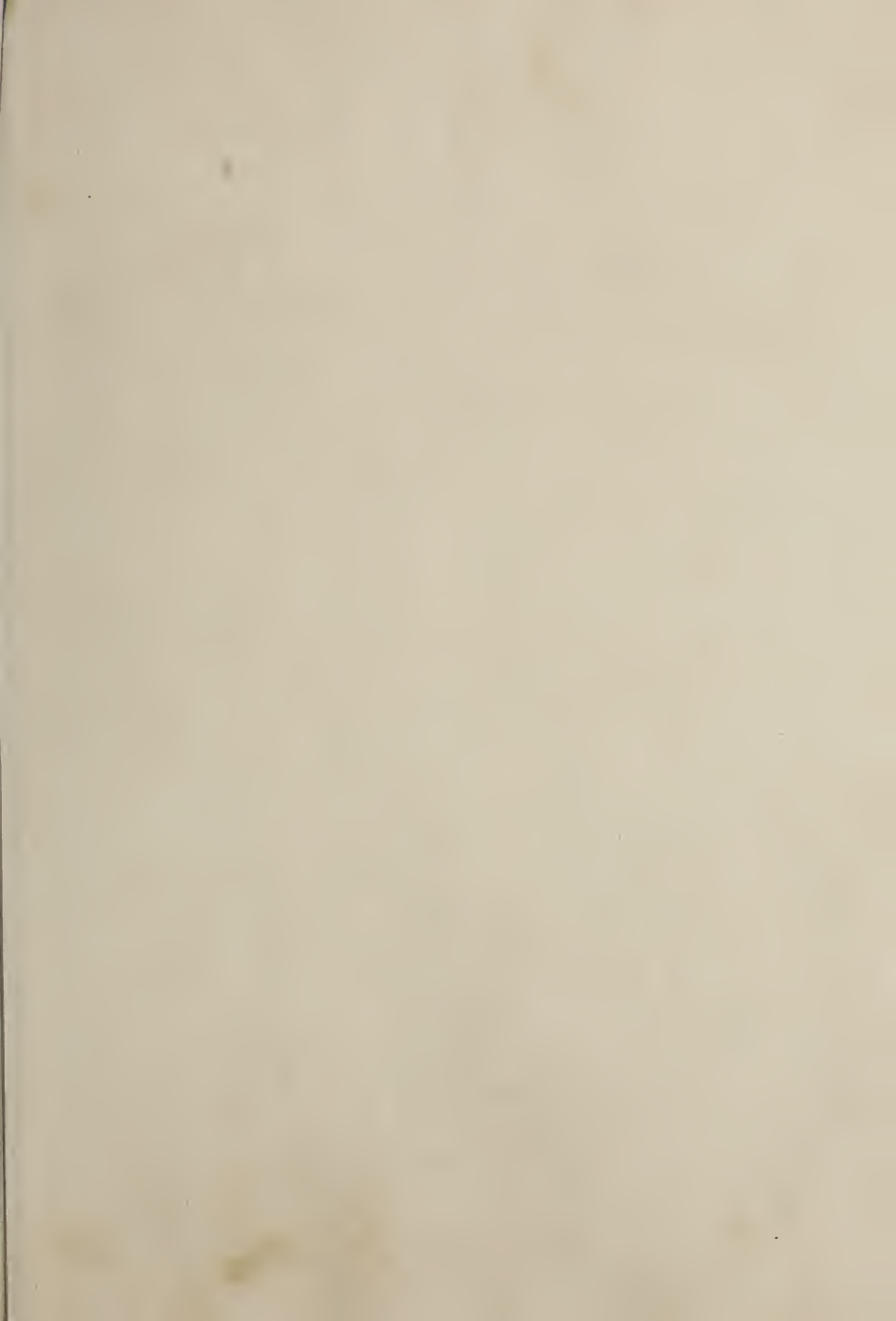
There is one thing about which I have already written, that I want you and others to keep in mind. That is the special evangelistic effort that is to be made this fall for schoolgirls and women in Canton. The spiritual life in many of the schools and churches is not what it should be. Then there are many who have heard the gospel for years and seem to take favorably to it, though they have never taken a stand for Christianity. We hope that this fall many such will decide for Christ. The plans are not fully made. We are very anxious that it be done in the right way. As one of the women said in a committee meeting, "Let us let God go before and then follow him."

ONE fifth of all the women in the world are found in the homes of China. One baby girl out of every five is cradled in a Chinese mother's arms, unwelcomed and unloved save by that poor mother's heart. One little maiden out of every five grows up in ignorance and neglect, drudging in the daily toil of some poor Chinese family, or crying over the pain of her crippled feet in the seclusion of a wealthier home. Of all the wives and mothers in the world, one out of every five turns in her longing to a gilded goddess of mercy in some Chinese temple, murmuring her meaningless prayer in hope of help and blessing that never come. One fifth of all the women are waiting, waiting in China for the Saviour who so long has waited for them. What burden of responsibility does this lay on us—the women of Christendom?"—*Mrs. Hudson Taylor.*

A living coal! And with its glow
It touched another coal, when, lo,
The dark form into radiance grew,
And light and cheer beamed forth anew.

A loving heart! And with its love
It touched another heart, which strove
With adverse waves on troubled sea,
When oars were plying heavily:
And, lo, through rifted clouds Hope smiled.
And Love the weariness beguiled.

That living coal be mine to glow,
That loving heart be mine to show,
While earth has sorrowing hearts that wait
The opening of Redemption's gate.

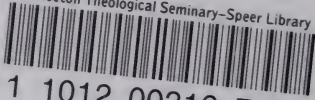


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